THE EMERALD

AND BALTIMORE LITERARY GAZETTE.

MILLE TRAHENS VARIOS ADVERSO SOLE COLORES.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE....SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1828. NO. 23.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

(Concluded.)

The majesty of the prospect was now indeed sublime, as the eye stretching to the west, saw the dark, full reservoir of thunder rolling up like the smoke of artillery, while leaping from their smothering pavilion, the lightnings glared with terrible energy. It was not long before the clouds came up, and we were apprehensive of being inveloped in their folds, till we perceived that our stand was far above the highest, and then we continued in voiceless admiration, watching the marshalry of the elements.—Rolling round the sides of Mount Washington, the clouds hurried on, like enormous waves, seeming to carry death in their very aspect, while the light of the electric fluid, which shot in every direction appeared to direct their motions. On an elevation of nearly eight thousand feet, we were standing in the sunshine, with not a cloud above us to stain the deep blue heavens; we were looking down upon the lightnings, and heard the thunders roll such awful diapasons, as are never heard below. The mountains, directly in our vicinity, were lifting their heads above the tempest, *girdled with* thunder and fire, presenting the most wonderful picture of the sublime and beautiful, that ever entered into the imagination of a poet.

"Far along,
From crag to crag, the rattling cliff among
Leapt the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
While Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, that call to her aloud!"

Such was the language of Mount Washington, and the other gigantic mountains, as they echoed back the bellowing of the storm. The wind now became so violent, that we were obliged to wedge ourselves in the rocks, to secure us from its power; and while the bursting of the thunder seemed to shake the solid base of the mountain, the clouds whirling around us, lashed the black rocks below like billows of the ocean, while the lightning darted in every direction, upward horizontally and downward, from whose terrible power we could not feel secure, though elevated perhaps a thousand feet above it. Here was an altar where the Omnipotent could be worshipped in the heart. No useless drapery, or precious works of art, were here to feed the eyes of worldliness and draw down the heart to earth; no voice of man, modulated by academic rules, was there to speak the language of Omnipotence; no song of woman, melted voluptuously on the ear. It was a temple of the Almighty, the sun of heaven was there representing the glory and the benevolence of God, and the elements were praising him in the thunder of his own organs. What had man to do, but worship in silence, since the language of his heart unuttered, could alone join in the sublimity of the scene?

The storm was of short duration. The lightning gradually flashed less frequent, the thunder rolled less terribly; and in about thirty minutes from its commencement, the clouds parting below us, opened a vista, through which we saw wtih rapture the green earth, and the Connecticut river, flowing beautifully in its woody pathway.

The thermometer had fallen ten degrees during the tempest; and we were obliged now to wrap ourselves in blankets, to keep off the influence of the atmosphere; the sun was sinking in the west, and the shadows were widening and lengthening over the earth; we watched its last farewell glance, when all below us was wrapt in dim twilight, and had lost its beams many minutes before. We now refreshed ourselves with a homely repast, and made preparations for the wished for night.

Night came on slowly, but fast enough to preclude the possibility of descent, which for a moment we considered as the thick shades mantled over us, and at last left us in utter darkness. We conversed together, principally about legends of the place, and the guide told many singular adventures of persons, who had been lost about the mountain. No one had ever slept on Mount Washington—and woke to tell of it, for the cold is generally so intense, and the night air so destructive, that after several calamaties, no person had ever possessed the hardihood to attempt it. The thermometer, however, was now fortunately high enough to warrant the undertaking of passing the night there, though we never thought of sleeping. At length, overcome with fatigue, the guide determined to rest, and wrapping himself round with several blankets, crept into the tent and in a moment was lost to the world and its recollections. I knew by the deep heaving of his chest, that he was asleep, and taking a blanket and a buffaloe skin from our wardrobe, with a flask of diluted spirits, sat myself down to meditate in solitude.

Were I to attempt now to describe my sensations, it would be as impossible to do so, as it would be to transport myself again to the spot, merely by an act of volition. I was alone, lifted up far above the reach of man, without a sound of any kind, to break upon the death-like stillness. At times, my feelings were so terribly desolate, that I crept back to the tent with the purpose of waking the guide, but whether it was, that I did not wish to disturb him, or whether I felt less lonesome on hearing a breathing being, I cannot say; but I returned to my seat, filled with the solemnity of my situation. Looking from the mountain, nothing was to be seen or heard below; even the sound of the forest beneath, was not discerned—and it seemed to me the very dwelling place of silence. I looked above, and the sky was black, and appeared to me like a vast canopy, spread horizontally over me, spotted thickly with fire. The stars seemed so near to me, that I thought, could I climb a little higher, I might have reached them; so singular an appearance did they make, through the thin atmosphere I was breathing. How could I think of earth, while lifted so high above it; how could I help feeling the presence of God, when heaven itself appeared so near to me? If there was ever a time when pure and undivided worship possessed the soul of man, I cannot but think mine was that; when in the loneliness of night, without a breath or noise of animate or inanimate creation to drown my audible pulses, I lived through the night in deep and spiritual communion with the bright influences above. There may be some, who would attribute such feelings to diseased sensibility, to the ravings of an unreined imagination, but there are others, whose sympathy with the grand in nature, may elevate to feelings of respect for such devotion.

The excitement produced by my situation would not allow me to sleep, had I felt so inclined; and I sat watching the motion of the stars till the eastern heavens grew pale through the night, and indicated the approach of day. I now waked the guide, who rose from his bed of rock, cheerfully as the lark, and we were as joyful in seeing each other as two sworn friends could have been, after a protracted separation. The novelty of our situation was enough to account for this, without any other cause being assigned, and long before the herald of day had faded in the reflected sun beams, we had breakfasted on Mount Washington, and were descending again to the encampment.

JAQUES.

FOR THE EMERALD.

COUNTRY ADVENTURES.

Peter Smith was a young country buck, of German extraction, residing with his parents in the western part of Maryland, and had few rivals in his native county, either in point of manly beauty or manly strength. Peter had also improved his native genius by travel, and no one was a better judge of a horse, or a "cuter hand" at making a bargain among the "town people" than himself—and he possessed the best "quarter horse" in the country. It may readily be supposed that a young fellow of his universal talents had a large share of gallantry, and indeed was no inconsiderable favourite "amongst the gals" of the neighbourhood—besides, having a snug farm in expectation, he was considered a desirable match among prudential mothers and fathers. But alas, the instability of human desire, notwithstanding all these various advantages, notwithstanding his farm in expectation, which might have procured him a favourable reception in almost any family, (in his county) Peter was an unhappy man—reader, he was in love; and had bestowed his affections in the only place perhaps where he had the least chance of success.

Gotleb Hoofnagle had been a Hessian soldier of the revolution, but the love of freedom had proved stronger than the love of his native country—and he had early left the British standard, and enrolled himself in the ranks of the sons of his adopted country. At the close of the war he had married, and by that industry and economy so characteristic of the Germans, had become rich. Two daughters crowned the old gentleman's happiness—viz: Barbara and Wilhemina—and of the amiable and beautiful Miss Barbara Hoofnagle, had Peter Smith become enamoured, by accidentally seeing her at a country ball, after she had arrived at womanhood—for they had been playmates and schoolfellows in childhood—and at that ball he had determined to make Miss Barbara Hoofnagle, Mrs Smith, if it possibly laid in his power. But not until then had he counted on the difficulties that lay in his way. In his boyish days, a great many wild tricks of his had rendered him extremely obnoxious to his neighbour Mr. Hoofnagle—and since his manhood, he had never, by any conciliatory conduct, endeavoured to remove the prejudices which the old gentleman entertained toward him—for he had oppos-

ed him in politics, and cared little about thwarting his pecuniary projects whenever he had an opportunity. But six long years had passed since he had seen Miss Barbara, and now she was a plump handsome 'gal,' and worth something, and whatever expectations he might have had of succeeding with her when he thought of the implacable enmity of the old man, it threw cold water on his hopes immediately. Many more wealthier suitors than he, had been rejected by the young lady's father, and how could he hope to succeed, against whom the old gentleman entertained the greatest prejudice. In speaking of any whom he did not like, he used to observe, that "was so pigger a rascal unt Pete Smid." Peter, however, thought that as "a faint heart never won a fair lady," he ought not to be so totally discouraged—and by perseverance, in frequenting every place where he was likely to meet with the object of his affections, softened *her* antipathy, and at length changed it into love, the object of which was—O rapturous thought!—himself. He therefore made a formal application to Mynheer Hoofnagle for the hand of his lovely daughter and was rejected by him with real *high-bred* disdain. But what was this to a man of Peter's high spirit and perseverance. Besides Miss Barbara had returned his passion, and to a lover like Peter this was all in all. Miss Barbara's conduct had now been more narrowly watched, and she and Wilhemina had to remain more at home. The old gentleman and his wife had discovered the passion to be mutual, and was determined to do all in their power to prevent "dat rascal, Pete Smid," from accomplishing his wishes. Peter now had recourse to epistolary correspondence, and at length, by the good offices of a mutual friend, persuaded the sentimental Miss Barbara to consent to elope with the deeply enamoured Peter Smith. Both parties therefore zealously prepared to circumvent the watchfulness of the young lady's father. It was therefore agreed that on the night previous to new-year's eve, young Smith having the bridal party prepared at a house not far distant, should come to and remain at the bottom of the lane, until the solemn hour of twelve, at which time the trembling, blushing bride, attended by her sister, Miss Wilhemina, was to escape, and crown the wishes of the enraptured bridegroom. Miss Wilhemina was the appointed bridesmaid, and after the wedding, was to return home before daylight. Every thing had succeeded according to arrangement—the night had arrived—the bridal party had assembled to witness the happiness of the lovers—and on one of the coldest, bleakest nights of the winter, Peter, with his friend and groomsman, approached the dwelling of Gotleb Hoofnagle, to "steal away his daughter." But how are the best laid plans often frustrated by the most trifling accidents—and one of those accidents occurred on this eventful night. The ladies had dressed themselves in bridal robes, to speak romantically, with the bride's bandbox and bundle all prepared for an 'elopement'—and nothing as I said before, but one of the most untoward accidents that fall to the lot of man, now delayed Peter's happiness.

An old friend of Hoofnagle's had arrived that day from Baltimore, and after the ladies had retired to their chamber, Hoofnagle and his friend continued over their 'snops,' talking over the delightful subject of the prices of eggs, butter, and other articles which the one raised and the other purchased in Baltimore. The old Dutch clock had tolled the hour of twelve, and the ladies already dressed, waited in trembling expectation of the old fellow's going to bed—for it was a cold night, and the over warmth of the tender passion could not keep the bride and bridesmaid from feeling pretty keenly the chilly air of that season, and they had very wisely retired under the bed-clothes. But alas! the more they drank the more they talked, and they seemed to be determined to sit out the night, and the only door of escape, was the very door of the room in which the two old companions sat. The chamber which the two damsels occupied was on the other end of the building in the second story, and as they had never read any novels, they had never thought of a rope ladder, or any other romantic contrivance, and as the difficulty had not been foreseen, it had not been provided against.

Peter with his friend had now grown both impatient and cold at the place of assignation, and a thousand tender hopes and fears agitated his breast. He now determined to advance to the house itself, and try if he could not ascertain the cause of delay. His friend pointed out to him the chamber window, and as the house was not a castle, nor the window lofty, he prepared to ascend, and remind the bride, who might be asleep, or about something else, he did not know what. He first however threw small pebbles against the window, as a signal, but at that moment Hoofnagle and his friend prepared to retire, and prevented the imprisoned damsels from answering such a signal. Peter's impatience was now not to be restrained, and he mounted the hog-pen, and with the assistance of his friend, placed, as silently as possible a fence-rail perpendicularly on the hog-pen, leaning against the sill of the window, and on this he adventurously mounted, in less time than it has taken me to relate it. He now gently attempted to open the window, with his feet standing on the end of the rail, in a stooping position—but before he could accomplish this in the usual way, and before the ladies could by whispers prevent him, the window gave way inside, and he and the window tumbled into the room with a tremendous crash, the glass cutting the unfortunate lover's face till the blood streamed profusely from the wounds. The damsels screamed, and Hoofnagle and his friend, after the first moment of astonishment at so awful and strange a noise in his daughter's chamber, rushed into the room, the one armed with his fowling piece, and the other with an old bean-stick. But what was their astonishment, when on entering the chamber, they there found Peter, whose features Hoofnagle did not recognize, sprawling on the floor, with the blood streaming down his face, staring about with as much terror and surprise as if he had been suddenly translated to the lower regions—'the gals' sitting on the side of the bed in their white dresses, screaming with terror and disappointment. But the old man did not take long to deliberate, for raising his gun, he loudly demanded who the intruder was, and what he wanted. But poor "Pete Smid" was not in a condition to answer him. Terror had at first deprived him of utterance and action—but when the question of—"vat dam robberin rascal be's you," and "how you cum here," accompanied by the threatning position of the gun, he sprung to the window, and tolled rather than jumped out, and fell among the remainder of the fattened hogs which Hoofnagle's knife had spared that autumn—but he did not remain long among his grunting acquaintances, but followed his companion through the snow, who had taken flight when the window fell in, with the dogs at his heels, to relate to the expecting wedding guests, the total failure of the expedition. But to return to the surprised and astonished father, and his trembling daughters—the honest old Dutchman's eyes were soon opened. Their dresses, band-box, and bundle too plainly showed that they were in a manner accessary to the robber or lover's forcible entree, and after a long lecture from the mother and father, he fastened the shattered window, and left them to weep on their pillows.

Poor Smith at length got home, wounded and disappointed—high had been his expectations, and happy his prospects, but his hopes were now completely blasted—he took to his bed, and was, or at least it was so reported, near the tomb.

When this report reached the ears of the amiable Barbara, she was as much affected at the situation of her lover as any lady of romance. Parental authority was exerted in vain—she declared solemnly to her parents that she would have him, aye that she would, "if she had to beg her bread." The neighbours also, began now to take the part of "Pete Smid," and the damsels, and matrons declared it to be a burning shame to separate two such faithful lovers, and when even his own 'frow' began to think favourably of the match, he began to relent, and as "Pete Smid was no Irisher," against whom he had a mortal antipathy, and might, after he were married, prove an industrious and careful farmer, he at length consented to their union, with a portion of five thousand dollars to the bride, and Smith's happinesss was crowned in the very room which had so nearly proved fatal to him.

Not long ago I accidentally met Smith and his old father-in-law in Baltimore, and over a bottle laughed over his courting adventures. Miss Wilhemina is now happily married, and as Smith has become a great favorite of the old man, it is likely he will soon rise to eminence, and become a member of the legislature, as he is already an Esquire.

B. H. J.

FOR THE EMERALD.

A MUSICAL VISION.

I LAID me down to rest—for I had had a hard day's journey of it, and the villanous pony I bestrode, had so galled me, that I, even then, could not but imagine myself in a *sad-ill*, though, in fact, I was on a *bed-'stead*. The day had been warm and misty, and the country through which I travelled, low and swampy—the very undisputed territory of mosquitoes and marsh-rats. Mosquitoes! I hate the name of them; and, as it is said that nothing was ever created in vain, I have often wondered, for what purpose these vile insects were placed among the terrestrial beings. Perchance, it was to draw off the overplus of blood, that runs through our veins—or as a substitute for phlebotomising, when the operation becomes needful;—be it as it may, I hate mosquitoes, and, unfortunately for me, had got myself into the land of their nativity.

But to proceed. I laid me down; it was a sultry evening: and as my window opened upon the low banks of the wide-bosomed Savannah river, I thought I would catch a little of the water-breeze, by leaving it open for the night, as the country was not considered absolutely *sickly*, for each family did not lose more than *three* of its members yearly, and the fog was thin enough to be cut with a common case-knife; whereas, in some other sections, they have to use hatchets. With matters thus arranged, I threw myself upon a nice, *cool* feather bed, and with the aid of a fan, pulled myself into a sound sleep. Sleep is a glorious thing!—I wonder who first invented it? No sooner had I closed my eyes, than a strange vision passed before me. I thought I sat upon a lovely island, in the middle of the river; from my seat, I saw beautiful barges, filled with airy beings, floating gently along the silvery tide, some drawn by swans, and others by glittering sunfish. Spirits, of all shapes and complexions, were flitting through the air—the trees were filled with singing birds, and the waters with golden fish. All of a sudden, I heard the distant notes of a bugle—they came sweetly along the waters, until they tremblingly died away. Then a choir, the most heavenly that I had ever heard, struck up, my soul was enraptured, and I felt a sensation beyond de-

ecstacy. Louder and louder the music grew, "'Till heaven echoed with the peal"—and a magnificent barge came riding down the glassy stream, filled with women, each an angel, with spangled garments, floating gracefully upon the air. I was in ecstacy—the scene, the music, the angels, all combined to create a most delicious feeling. "If this be no dream," thought I, "I am the happiest man in the world. This flowery isle shall be my house—those fair creatures shall be my wives, and I'll write poetry all my life." Vain mortal!—how soon were my fond hopes to be blasted. Of a sudden, the sky darkened, and pale streaks of fire flashed from horizon to horizon; the dun clouds wheeled about in the air, and beautiful fairies shrieked with fright. A brazen trumpet rang wildly amidst the tumult, and thunders rolled heavily along the waters. Again all was still, save the half stifled shrieks of the despairing angels; then a full band of martial music struck up their wildest notes, and soon appeared a host of winged-elfins, bestriding clouds, some armed with forked tails, and others with long, sharp noses. Before them rode their military band, lead by a trumpeter—each musician seemed to have a solo to play; the bassoon executed the most difficult passages—the clarionet ran up and down through the chromatic scale—the trombone played an air, with variations—the French horn executed the *Jager Chorus*; and the serpent roared out a variation, with *thrills*. But the bag-piper beat all; he had a nose as red as molten iron, and kept his drones going, as if he intended putting his brother Boreas to the blush. I looked on this hideous crew with horror, and my ears tingled with their unwealthy notes. They rushed furiously down upon the damsels, in the beautiful barge, whose screams now even sounded louder than the bag-pipes. My blood boiled within me—I felt as strong as Jack the giant killer, and I determined to rescue the angels or die. I sprang from my seat towards the scene, (for the water bore me,) and rushed amidst the monsters; but alas! alas! what was a single mortal to do, against a host of infernal spirits? The bloody piper ran his red-hot nose through my body, and in a cry of agony I awoke, and found that a thousand mosquitoes were feasting upon my blood—while others were playing an overture, ere they *put a finger in the pie*.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TALES OF THE SOUTH.....NO. 2.

BY THE WANDERER.

BLACK BEN.—To those of my readers who have never witnessed a negro ball, a description of one is due. I will therefore open my tale (which is no fiction) with a duett on the *bango* and *fiddle*, by two decrepid sons of Africa, occasionally accompanied by the tamborine of a stout young fellow, who, with a thousand grotesque gestures, gives an importance to his instrument which little records with its dull and monotonous sound. Various tickets had been circulated by the negroes on the plantation of the wealthy Mr. G——, to their male and female plantances of the neighbouring plantations, inviting them to partake of a Christmas frolic in words something like the following:—

"The pleasure ob miss Diner's Kumpunny is expectubly requested at a bawl to be gibben by the laidees and gepplemain ob Master G's plantashun on Vissmus eve. Kumpunny pay for the fiddler."

Damsels of different hues graced the room over the kitchen, and bucks from the ebony black to the pale cream colour, strutted consequentially over the floor, aping to perfection the manners of our most refined dandies of the nineteenth century. There were heads frizzled a-la-mode, whiskers curled, handkerchiefs scented with sassefrass, patched small-clothes et-cetery:—and there were coloured dandizetts parading their best Sunday gowns (not a few had *borrowed* those belonging to their mistresses)—brass watch chains, gauze spencers, and silk stockings, substituting peppermint as an essence, for the want of otto of roses. The smile of content shone among them—they were happy in the present, for the past and the future were not thought of. The cruel lash of their driver was forgotten, the hardships of slavery were lost in the pleasures of their rude festivity, and their hearts beat as free as those who had never worn the galling shackles of oppression.

"Play on dat fiddle, Mr. Sampson"—exclaimed the *manager*, a genteel looking ostler—"gib us 'Sally in de wild-woods'—come Missy Diner, hopen you 're not too much broke down, may I hab de pleasure ob *shirking* you out for the fusser dance?" The others followed the ostler's example, and soon the merry fiddle screached out, while the men and women danced in time to its *sole-inspiring* cadence. Half of the night was spent by the company in winding through the thousand mazes of Terpsicore, and many a soft thing had been whispered by a fond lover into the delighted ear of the queen of his affections, when the door of the loft opened, and a negro arrayed in tattered garments stood before them. His head and feet were bare—his beard long and shaggy, and his eyes flashed wildly as he cast a hasty glance upon the happy objects before him. Around his waist was twined a thick cord, between which and his body glistened a long knife, which appeared to be the only ornament about him. His stature was short but muscular, and his skin as black as ebony. "Who you be?"—said the ostler strutting up to the stranger, as he stood before the half opened door, "what you want here when you hab no invite, you d——n nigger?" The intruder only replied with a look of mingled scorn and contempt, and turning to the negroes generally, he placed his fingers upon his open mouth, informing them that he wished something to eat and drink. "It's Black Ben!"—exclaimed one of the men, looking at the fellow with fear, "it's Black Ben dat run away from Georgia—he dat tick he knife in pigs, and teal chickens." A consternation spread like wild-fire among the negroes, which soon reached the farm-house, which was not fifty yards off.

Mr. G. with his overseer soon after entered the kitchen, with the intention of securing the runaway—but he had made his escape, and no traces could be seen of the route he had taken. The hounds were let loose, but returned without scenting the track. The account of Ben's appearance having spread through the neighbourhood, the inhabitants of every plantation were on the alert, each one zealous of securing the depredator—but all search proved in vain, and several days passed in fruitless endeavours.

One night the family were alarmed by the long absence of Mr. G. who had been last seen about dusk near the barn, which was at some distance from the house. Search was made for him, and his eldest son was the first one to bring the melancholy intelligence of his *murder* to the bereaved members of the once happy family. His father's body was soon brought to confirm his story. His throat was cut, and several broad wounds gaped on his bosom. A general cry of horror filled the air; and, with a shout of vengeance the people sallied forth armed in search of the blood-thirsty wretch that had committed so foul a deed. In a dark ravine, where nature seemed to rejoice in her solitude, where the owl and the carrion-crow undisturbed built their nests, and where the timid deer sought refuge from the huntsman's beagles, Ben was found in a cave feasting on nuts and swamp-herbs. He fought manfully ere he allowed himself to be taken, but the teeth of the blood-hounds had lacerated his flesh, and the number of his opponents were too great—he yielded, and was conducted to the district gaol.

Black Ben had an undaunted spirit, he feared no man and cared but little for death. Before a tribunal of citizens he stood sullenly with his arms folded, listening carelessly to the evidences against him. When asked if he had any thing to say in his defence, he scornfully shook his head, and made signs to be taken away. Though the evidence was merely circumstantial, he was condemned *to be burnt alive*. He heard the sentence without shrinking, and walked steadily back to his prison.

The day arrived. Thousands collected to witness the horrible sight—the whites to gratify their curiosity, and feast their eyes on the dying agonies of a fellow creature—the blacks to receive a lesson which might warn them not to commit a like deed. By the side of the public road a stake had been planted, around which were piled bundles of faggots, ready to receive the unfortunate wretch. He came, his eyes glanced wildly upon the multitude around him; nor did he appear to know the trying nature of his situation. Seated between two ministers of the gospel, who begged him, in mercy to himself, to *confess his guilt*, he was driven up to the pile which was to terminate his wretched existence. A low murmur ran through the crowd, that he would acknowledge his guilt, when he began to feel the influence of fire—but no, he was burned in the faggots, over which the officers of justice, threw a barrel of tar, that the flames might the quicker consume him. The brand was applied—"Confess, Ben, confess!"—shouted the sheriff, as the black vapor began to roll around the victim. A loud shriek was all the reply The flames stretched their giant columns toward the heavens, and the whole pile was enveloped in one body of fire—"confess!"—again shouted the officer; nought but the agonizing yells of the sufferer, were heard above the cracking of the faggots, and the roaring of the flames. A slight puff of wind for a moment blew away the flakes of fire, and exposed the horrible object to the vision of the multitude. He had loosened his hands from the stake, and was then tearing the flesh from his face, while uttering the most hideous cries. My blood curdled within me, my heart sunk, and I turned away from the horrible scene, with feelings, which it would be in vain for me *now* to attempt to describe; *then* was the moment of trial, then I felt my bosom bleed for a murderer.

The traveller now listlessly passes the spot, where Black Ben underwent the hard sentence of the law; nothing remains but a short burnt clump, surrounded by a black circle, inside of which lay the white crumbs of the negroes bones; his ashes are scattered on the four winds, but his trial and execution are not forgotten. This harsh sentence was executed on the road between Greenville and Pendleton, S. C.

SELECTED.

FROM THE CROPPY.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Bill was universally known to be a fellow of daring, bravado humour, which feared neither man, devil, nor angel. And he was going along of a starry night, still more humorously and bravely inclined by the aid of whiskey, and singing and shouting as loudly as he could, when suddenly he heard strange voices about him. He stopped and listened. "A horse for me!" said a voice. He turned briskly to the quarter from whence it came, but could see no one. "A horse for me!" said another voice; and "A horse for me!" "A horse for me!" was repeated in quick succession at every point around him. "And a horse for me too!" cried Bill, giving a shout and a jump.

The words were scarcely uttered when he found himself on the back of a steed that capered and curvetted "in great style." He heard a "huzza!" from a hundred tiny throats: away galloped his courser, like the north wind over a hill side in winter; and as he swept along he could not be ignorant that, before him and behind him, and each side of him, other horses were racing just as fiercely. Away, away, over hedge, ditch, and brook, through thick and thin, Bill and his companions galloped, until of a sudden, and of his own accord, his spirited steed stopped before a house, situated—heavens knows where! And all the attended horsemen stopped too; and Bill, looking round him, now saw the riders; and from amongst them one melancholy looking wight came to his side and addressed him. "Bill Nale," said he, speaking in a brogue of tiny cadence, "stand upon the back of your horse and climb in through the window." "For what reason?" asketh Bill. "Upon a sofa, in the chamber into which it leads, you'll find a beautiful young lady sleeping; take her softly in your arms, and bear her down to us; we cannot assist you, because there is a certain spaniel dog, also asleep, at her feet,—so in with you." "Never say it again, ma-bouchal," answered Bill; "an' glad am I o' the offer; and he climed in at the window, as desired, found the lady just as had been foretold to him, took her in his arms without even awaking her, descended with her from the window, placed her before him on his horse, and—"Well done, Bill Nale!" was the general cry; and the whole cavalcade set off over the ground they had come at even a wilder pace than before, until they reached the spot where Bill first mounted his steed: and now there was a second halt, and they all surrounded Bill and the lady, shouting, "Down! down! down!"

But Bill Nale did not shout "Down:" but remained quietly seated on his charger, with the fair prize still asleep in his arms. "Come down, Bill Nale," added the personage *who had before addressed him*, "you must come down, at least:" and Bill found himself standing on the road; but still he held the lady close.—"Give her to me, now," said the same individual. "Give her to you, is id?" asked Bill.—"Yes; she is my sweatheart." "To the seventeen douls wid you!" said Bill: "I have a likin for her myself, and never as much as a finger will you lay on her." "Give her up, Bill Nale, or rue it!" exclaimed his enraged rival. "Give her up, give her up, or we'll cripple you!" shouted his friends. "Bother!" shouted Bill, in return; "d'ye think, ye sheeogs [fairies] o' the divil, that it's a bosthoon ye have to talk to? I know how to match ye! And let ye only daare to come widin arum's length, an' see if I don't pelt ye by dozens over Donard Hill, into the say! Aha! I'm the boy for ye! Give her up, magh? Och, ay; give ye what's my own arum!" "We'll make you out a store of riches, Bill Nale, if you yield possession of my sweetheart," said the most interesting personage of the throng. "That's more o' the yarn,' answered Bill: "arragh, go speak to them that doesn't know ye! Riches? Ay; ye'd fill me a bag full o' slates, lookin like goold guineas, bud they'd be nothing bud slates in the mornin'. Make off, I tell you! I have a charm here in my pocket; an' if ye don't, I'll shake id at ye—hah!"—a cock crew—"d'ye hear that? run for your lives now, or the cock 'ill ate ye!" Whether in despair of succeeding against him, or that the cock-crew was indeed a thing they could not withstand, the discomfitted rout, with a low, wild wailing, that gradually died along the midnight blast, disappeared in a trice. And the lady thus won was, the neighbours said, the same he brought home to his cabin, and with whom he shortly after left the country, that is the south of the country, of Wexford, never again to appear in it.

GLORY.

On the following day, the 7th of September, on which the bloody battle of the Moscowa took place. I was from 5 o'clock in the morning stationed near the officers who waited the orders of Napoleon. We were placed at the bottom of a redoubt which had been taken from the enemy the evening before; it was the spot from which all the orders were given. General Montbrun, one of the most distinguished soldiers, left us at full gallop, and burning with warlike ardour. He had just received an order from Napoleon to attack a formidable redoubt, placed in the centre of the enemy's army, which spread death in all parts. I cannot express the grief I felt when Napoleon was informed, two hours afterwards, that this illustrious warrrior had fallen under the enemy's fire, in the midst of a most splendid charge.—I knew and loved my countryman Montbrun. He carried with him the esteem and attachment, and the regret of the whole army: he could probably have received the staff of marshal, had he survived so much courage and glory. I was expressing my grief to Augustus de Caulaincourt, who formed one of our group, when the Emperor looking our way, perceived him, and calling him to him gave him the command of the brave troops whom the death of General Montbrun had left without a head. He returned to us, his heart filled with that noble joy, in which I did not participate, for it penetrated me with the most sorrowful recollections. He ordered his horse, to advance, embraced the best of brothers, bade us farewell, and was off as quick as lightning, followed by his aid-de-camp. And he also at the head of fifty cuirassiers, commanded by their brave Colonel M. Cristophe, fell in this fatal redoubt, leaving a beautiful young widow, to whom he had been united only a few hours refore his departure for the army. He was interred in this redoubt; the tragical scene of so many celebrated exploits.—*Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts.*

LOVE AND ITS LANGUAGE.

The following story is taken from a notice of a new French work entitled *Nouveaux Tableaux de Paris, in the London Weekly Review*, a very valuable Journal.

"Not long ago, a young officer, who has made the campaign of Egypt, fell in love with a young Parisian, and in the Spanish fashion, began to walk under her window. The lady was under the guardianship of her brother, who, being a maried man, and wishing to secure his sister's fortune for his own family, was of course much averse to her marrying. The lover, unable to open a correspondence in the usual way, but learning that his Rosina was fond of flowers, and had traffic with the bouquetière several times a week, bethought himself of turning to account the knowledge he had acquired in the East of the *language* of flowers, and forthwith established his head quarters in the market. The bouquetière was gained, and, by her means, he conveyed to his mistress a carnation, the emblem of an ardent passion. Some days after he received in return a honeysuckle, the symbol of friendship; he replied by a heliotrope, which means love in sadness, and added the amaranth as a postscript, to signify constancy. For a long time he received only the eternal honeysuckle; but at last a rose-bud appeared, the avowal of a mutual affection, and then a veronica, which says, as plainly as a flower can speak, 'The more I see you, the more I love you.' The captain was enchanted; and although his mistress was hardly yet of age, he resolved to bring the romance to a conclusion, and carry her off. This he explained in a very complicated bouquet; but unfortunately the young lady was not equally proficient in the language of flowers Wishing to make a longer reply than usual, she so embroiled her ideas that the astonished lover found among the flowers a pied-de-lion (coquetry,) the monkshood (raillery,) and at last a superb cock e-veed, the doleful emblem of strife and indifference! The despairing lover, when he abandoned his position in the flower-market, was almost tempted to throw himself over the parapet. Believing that he had received his leave from Love, he petitioned also for that of Mars; and in this double retirement, like a true knight of romance, added to his coat of arms a scabious, the token of widowhood and grief."

A SISTER'S LOVE.

There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development; so dignified, and yet, with all, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of the brother, yet if he wants, whose hand will so readily stretch out as that of his sister; and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy. Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blent with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence. In all the annals of crime it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge, in regard to that brother. In all the affections of woman there is a devotedness and a depth, which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not at all accessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feeling may be expected, than in such as are dependant upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its outpourings it lives from the natural impulse; and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

Phil. Album.

BURNING OF AN AMPHITHEATRE.

"Rome was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into distant volcanoes, exploded volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration. All was clamor, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistable from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

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"The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke, that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing

the purpose of this terrible travers. He pressed his hand on his heart, in re-assurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impassable. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inward. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Satilus Taurus had caught fire; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broken from their dens. Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were enclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore, they ran howling round and round the circle: they made desperate leaps upward through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was started by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest; a man who had either been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne: the fire was above and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below; a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man."—

Salathiel.

A FALSE ALARM.

"Ma," said a little urchin, "the yellow fever's in Purchase-street." "Why, Mr. Careful, do you hear what Tommy says?" "Yes, my dear wife, 'tis true, a man died there last night, and it's a dreadful calamity." "Oh! Mr. Careful, what shall we do?" "Why, my dear, I don't know." "Nor I," said the good woman. But she took a sudden start, and said, "Mr. Careful have you got twopence? Here Tommy, run to the Apothecaries and get some Camphire. I must make some little bags for you, and Sammy, and Billy, and John, and Domenichino, and Eliza and Dorothea, and all the rest of the children; and here, Tommy, let me wet your pocket handkerchief, with some o' this 'ere Cologne, and you hold it to your mouth and nose, all the way, so as not to catch the yellow fever: Oh! dear, what a dreadful thing!" "Lord ma, I an't afraid on't, I guess it han't got up here in Green-street yet." "Oh! dear!" said Mrs. Careful; and Mr. Careful took a long breath. The milk man, who happened to hear a part of this conversation stood aghast—the chalk dropped out of his mouth, and he emptied his cannister, mostly upon the floor, in spite of the scolding of the maid, which was effectually stopped by the word "*yellow fever.*"

The milk man told the sauce man, that he was going home as quick as possible, for the yellow fever was raging in Boston, and more than twenty people died yesterday. The sauce man emptied his cart as quick as possible, into the street, for he said the vegetables would poison his hogs—took a tumbler of raw brandy—filled his nose with snuff and his mouth with tobacco—stuffed two lumps of camphor into his horses ears and applied the whip for home. He drove by the milk man, with a shudder, and averted head, as he was decanting his milk over West Boston Bridge—and stopped a stage full of passengers, with the terrible tidings—told them, that "half the streets were barred across,—and—get up Dobbin, I can't wait." The stageman turned about—he could not run the risk of losing his horses—but he didn't care two cents for himself, the yellow fever couldn't hurt him—and he cracked away manfully. "Hallo here," said a Green Mountain chap, "I'm not to be cheated out of my ride to Boston this 'ere way, by a darned sight, I tell ye, so just let me get out." "Oh! dear good Mr. Driver don't stop long, we shall all die here on the bridge." The Vermonter trudged off—and the driver cracked away again, as though the devil's hot pincers were hold of his horses tails. He brought up in Old Cambridge, where he found the sauce man, who tried to tell the amount of danger in the city—but at the first mention of the yellow-fever, all the people scattered away from his corrupted person, and could not be got within hearing distance. Then all the people stared, ladies and gentlemen, professors and shoemakers, like a crowd at a muster; but the moment the sauce man spoke or moved toward a particular quarter, the people disappeared like ghosts at cock-crowing. The sexton's knees knocked together, and the students took to their cigars for courage and protection. About this time came the milk man also amongst them—he had been detained on the bridge for his milk all curdled with fright, and he could not get it out of the cannisters; he said that the Vermonter passed him about a rod, and was struck with the yellow fever, and dropped down dead in the middle of the bridge, just as yellow as a dandelion blow—whereupon he (the milk man) threw his cannisters overboard and made his go-cart rattle again. All the people of Cambridge gathered like sheep in a thunder storm, on the common, and round the market place, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns drove in, in flocks to hear the dismal stories that were told of the yellow fever in Boston, and there were the stage driver, and the sauce man, and the milk man, standing in the midst, and all the vast circle of people expecting to see them drop down dead—they could get nothing to eat or drink, till the fire engine was filled with brandy and water, and they were allowed to drink from the hose. Thus it was all day in Cambridge, and verily the good people thought, that all Boston was a yellow fever case. About eight o'clock the students broached all their boxes of cigars, and raised a cloud of smoke, that darkened the moon and stars, and bid defiance to yellow fever. Morning came, and not a soul was to be seen—the bodies of the stage driver, sauce man, and milk man, were searched for in vain—and the sexton declared that he had not buried them; besides their cattle and carriages had gone. Little Tommy, and Sammy, and Billy, and John, and Domenichino, and Eliza, and Dorothea, and all the rest of the children, and the favourite dog, have worn their camphor bags ever since; but the yellow fever has gone—and they are "*alive and kicking.*"

Boston Galaxy.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Daylight of the 21st of October, 1805, displayed the signal for the enemy's fleet. Let that day never be forgotten! The calmness that prevailed in the morning and harbingered the battle, seemed but to render the deadly strife more conspicuous As the British fleet was wafted by gentle winds towards the powerful enemy, the preparations for battle evinced every man to be in earnest. The cabin bulk heads on each deck were cleared away, and displayed long, level, unbroken batteries, tended by their gallant and rejoicing crews. Fire buckets, match tubs, shot racks, powder boxes and wadds, were arranged in their proper places; arm chests lay open, and pikes, pistols and cutlasses gleamed in every direction. The tomkins were taken out of the muzzles, and here was a loud cracking of the gun carriages, as the officers examined that every thing was in fighting order. All now was ready; the fleets were closing. There was a dead silence till the signal of the great patriot—"England expects every man to do his duty!" flew at the Victory's mast head. Instantly an enthusiastic murmur of approbation spread from ship to ship, from deck to deck, from gun to gun, from man to man. A few straggling shot hissing through the air, indicated the near approach of the fleets, and a loud, long drawn fire of heavy cannon, soon showed the lee division breaking the dark concave line of the enemy. "Bravo Collingwood!" was in every heart, and there was but one common soul in the fleet. Many a valiant heart beat high with expectation, which was doomed never to survive another day. Many an eye gazed that moment on the instruments of death, which in a few short hours were to close it forever. The ships passed on to their stations, the battle became general, loud peals of cannon roared throughout the line, fire gleamed on the ocean, and the air was filled with the thick fumes of sulphur. The very masts shook in their sockets, the sails trembled, and the affrighted wind breathed low.

The stately ships which so lately sailed gaily forth, now presented the mangled appearance of wrecks, giving evidence of the deadly strife that was at work, till ship grappled with ship, and man with man. The day advanced, crash succeeding crash, of the falling masts, till amidst the groans of the dying, and the loud huzzas of the victors, the great struggle was decided in favour of England, and her flag waved triumphant over the deep: but her hero had fallen. Nelson, the father of his men, the patriot and hero of his country, was no more! Peace be to ashes, and honour to his name! The dire clouds which had been gathering over the devoted spot during the bloody contention, now began to roll wild and portentously. The storm arose, and many a shattered and unmanageable hulk became the coffin alike of the living and the dead, and numbers of the conquerors and conquered were immersed in the same watery grave. "That joy of battle in the field of death," produced by the loud shouts of victory, still thrilled in the heart of Morland, when he was called to endure more mournful scenes among the mangled forms which met his view, as he descended from the blood stained decks to the cock pit, where amputations were still performing. The hearty greetings of messmates was followed by most painful feelings, at their first meal after the battle.

In the mess to which Morland belonged, there were three vacant places; where was poor Harry? whose cheerful mirth had been "wont to set the table in a roar."—Where was Frank? and—but the inquiring tongue was stopped by the solemn and heart-appalling silence, which but too well told the mournful tale. The young heroes were shrouded in the flag of their country; and when, with the rest of the fallen brave, their bodies were com

mitted to the deep, many a tear was observed to trickle down the sun-burnt furrows of the sailors' cheeks, as the blue waves broke over the remains of their departed shipmates.

THE LOVE OF FAME.

The love of fame is a passion that can act in the smallest, or expand itself over the largest circle. It rules the "world's great master," and animates the "best dancer on the green." It is the foundation of all that is excellent, (even of this treatise,) and society could not exist without it. It is to mind what gravitation is to matter, which keeps every thing in its place, causes the balanced shaft to rise, and the stream to flow.

It is an error to think that the great and god-like of the earth are striving alone for the name they are to leave behind them; present distinction has more attractions. It is better while they live to have the smiles of beauty and the approbation of good men; which rewards, however, are not inseparable.

I am too young to feel much of the passion that I am prosing upon, yet a little of its aliment has tickled my palate; for I once (as the newspapers say) "offered a few remarks" before a society of which I am a member, and moreover, they were not ill received. The same principle is guiding my pen, and will, I hope, justify the editor in publishing what I am writing.

Some few have a desire for the posthumous renown that a fair marble and flattering epitaph can give; yet this, I believe, generally arises from a wish to gratify surviving friends. I, myself, would not have my only monument a clod or a tree, and if my friends when I am gone, should record their sorrow in lapidary lines, let them rather say, "he was of doubtful fame," than "he lived unnoticed and died unknown."

VARIETY.

INFLUENCE OF AMERICA UPON EUROPE.

Every change in America has occasioned a correspondent change in Europe; the discovery of it overturned the systems of the ancients, and gave a new face to adventure and to knowledge; the opening of its mines produced a revolution in property; and the independence of the United States overturned the monarchy of France, and set fire to a train which has not yet fully exploded. In every thing, its progress is interwoven with the fates of Europe. At every expansion of American influence, the older countries are destined to undergo new changes, and to receive a second character, from the colonies which they have planted, whose greatness is on so much larger a scale than that of the parent countries, and which will exhibit those improvements which exist in miniature in Europe, unfettered by ancient prejudices and dilated over another continent. *Eng. Pa.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Lee the poet.—When Lee was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to visit him, and finding that he could converse reasonably, or at least reasonably for a poet, imagined that Lee was cured of his madness. The poet offered to show him Bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical prison, Lee moralising philosophically enough all the time to keep his companion perfectly at ease. At length they ascended the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from the perilous height, Lee seized his friend by the arm, "Let us take this leap. We'll jump down together this instant." "Any man could jump down," said his friend, coolly; "we should not immortalize ourselves by that leap; but let us go down, and try if we can jump up." The madman, struck with the idea of a more astonishing leap, than that which he had himself proposed, yielded to this new impulse, and his friend rejoiced to see him run down stairs, full of a new project for securing immortality.

ON POETRY.

A man of very good sense, but totally unacquainted with literature, said once, before Boileau, that he had rather be able to make a wig than to make a poem: adding. "What is the use of poetry, and what end does it answer?"—"This very circumstance," replied Boileau, raises my admiration; that, having nothing useful in it, nevertheless it should be the delight of all men of talents and reputation."

PRIDE.

Boileau never dined with any of his most intimate friends, without being invited in particular, observing, on this caution, that a certain pride was the characteristick of men of honour; but that a pride of air and manner was the mark of fools and blockheads.

When Boileau launched any work into the world, he heard the attacks of the criticks, however severe, with great attention and patience; observing, shrewdly, "Well, those are the worst works, of which no body speaks at all."

RUSSIAN MAGNIFICENCE.

A russian nobleman will sell any thing he possesses, from his wife to his lap dog; from the decorations of his palace, to the ornaments of his person; any thing to obtain money; any thing to squander it away. Visiting a trading mineralogist, I was surprised to see glass cases filled with court dresses; and still more on being told they were dresses of the nobility, sent to be exposed to sale as often as they wanted money. Their plan is, to order whatever they can procure credit for; to pay for nothing; and to sell what they ordered as soon as they receive it. We should call such conduct in England *swindling*. In Moscow it bears another name; it is called *Russian magnificence*. *Clark's Travels.*

GAME TRICKS.

It was said by one of the witnesses lately examined before the committee of the House of Commons, and who had, by his own confession, been an extensive dealer in game, in a town in the north of England, that on one occasion, having had an information filed against him by a preserver of game, in Yorkshire, he gave the poachers a premium for poaching on the land of the gentleman in question. By paying them an additional sixpence for every brace of birds, hares, pheasants, etc. he actually succeeded in depopulating the estate of game of every description.—*Lon. Globe.*

FILIAL AFFECTION OF A YOUNG BEAR

I am sensible that the general opinion of philosophers has distinguished the moral system of the brute creation from that of mankind, by an epithet which implies a mere mechanical impulse, which leads and impels them to necessary actions without any premeditated design or contrivance; this we term instinct, which faculty we suppose to be inferior to reason in man.

Their parental and filial affections seem to be as ardent, their sensibility and attachment as active and faithful as those observed to be in human nature.

When travelling on the east coast of the isthmus of Florida, ascending the south of the Mosquitoe river, in a canoe, we observed numbers of deer and bears near the banks; my hunter, who was an excellent marksman, said that he would shoot one of them, for the sake of the skin and oil; for we had plenty and variety of provisions in our bark. We accordingly on sight of two of them, planned our approaches, as artfully as possible; finding ourselves near enough, the hunter fired, and laid the largest dead on the spot where she stood, when presently the other, not seeming the least moved at the report of our piece, approached the dead body, smelled and pawed it, and appeared in agony, fell to weeping and looking upwards, then towards us, and cried out like a child. Whilst our boat approached very near, the hunter was loading his rifle in order to shoot the survivor which was a young cub, and the slain supposed to be the dam; the continual cries of this afflicted child, bereft of its parent, affected me very sensibly. I was moved with compassion, and charged myself as accessary to what now appeared to be a cruel murder, and endeavoured to prevail on the hunter to save its life; but to no effect! for by habit he had become insensible to compassion towards the brute creation. Being now within a few yards of the harmless devoted victim, he fired, and laid it dead, upon the body of the dam. *Bartram's Travels.*

DRESS REGULATED BY THE POLICE.

When the ukase first appeared concerning the form of the hat, the son of an English merchant, with a view to baffle the police, appeared in the streets of Petersburgh, having on his head, an English hunting cap, at sight of which the police officers were puzzled. "It was not a cocked hat," said they; "it was not a round hat." In this embarrassment they reported the affair to the emperour. An ukase was accordingly promulgated and levelled at the hunting cap; but not knowing how to describe the anomaly, the emperour ordained, that "no person should appear in public with the thing on his head worn by the merchant's son."

An order against boots with coloured tops was most rigorously enforced. The police officers stopped a gentleman driving through the streets of Petersburg in a pair of English boots. The gentleman expostulated, saying that he had no others with him, and certainly would not cut off the tops of his boots; upon which the officers, each seizing a leg as he sat in his drorki, fell to work and drew off his boots, leaving him to go barefooted home. *Clarke's Travels.*

MISTAKES OF AMBIGUITY.

Ambiguity of speech sometimes leads to very sad mistakes. A militia captain received a billet from a lady of fashion, requesting the favour of his company to tea on a certain evening. Now a query arose how to understand the word company; and the captain being a man of real military views, very naturally came to the conclusion that it meant neither more nor less than the *Company* of militia which he had the honour to command. Accordingly what was the astonishment of his hostess and her friends at beholding not only the captain, but his whole company, from the highest subaltern to the most ragged private, armed and equipped in their usual style, punctual to the hour of invitation, dry as dust, and hungry as lions. Never was such consternation in the drawing room before. The old lady lifted up her hands and eyes in astonishment; the young ladies squalled as if they had seen a snake or spider; the dandies exclaimed, "they'd ought to be shot, odd rat'em!" the master of the house bit his lip with vexation; and the hostess as in duty bound went into hysterics. *Berkshire American.*

A comb maker recently travelled ten miles to Warren, R. I. to purchase *horns*, it having been reported in a Providence paper that a vessel had arrived from New Orleans with a cargo of *horns* instead of *hams*. Rather an unfortunate error of the press for the comb-maker.

COUNTRY SCHOOL KEEPING.

Mr. Printer,—Did you ever teach a school? If you ever have, I guess as how you had a little rather set types, for it is a solemn fact that the schoolmaster of a country village is the most miserable being on earth. Though I never had the misfortune to be engaged in that profession, I not long since visited the school of a friend of mine in the country, and if there ever was anything which could approach a description of Bedlam, it was this school. I had just got fairly seated, when up jumps a young Bedlamite, with 'Marster, Jo House keeps er pinchin ma.' Jo, did you pinch him?. 'No, I say I did'nt, so now come. 'twas Bill Grimes, for I seed him when he did it.' Bill, what did you pinch him for?' 'Koz he keeps er crowdin.' Then follows a severe flagellation. Soon a class of little ones is called up to read, and by the way, be it understood, my friend the Master, was in the habit of squinting. 'What is that?' 'Thath A-er.' 'Very well, what is the next?' 'I'deno thir.' 'That is B you blockhead.' 'B-er.' 'What is that?' 'I'deno thir.' 'What do I do when I look at you?' 'Thquint-er.' Master, Tom Bogues keeps makin me laugh, he-he-he.' 'Tom come here—did you make him laugh?' 'No sir.' 'Well, take your seat.' 'Master, maint I gwout to get smink.' 'No, you will all go out directly.' 'The class in the spelling book stand up to read. Zekiel begin.' 'B-a-k-r Baker.' 'The next.' 'S-u-g-a-r.' 'What does that spell?' 'I'deno sir.' 'What does your mother put in your tea?' 'Lasses-er.' 'The next.' 'Marster, maint I gwout ter git smice, to put in my trowsis, to keep my nose from bleeding?' 'Yes, but come right in.' 'S-t-a-i-r-s.' 'What does that spell?' 'I'deno sir.' 'What do you go up to your chamber on when you are at home?' 'Larder.' 'No, you stupid fellow, stairs.' 'Marster, maint the boys go out?' 'No. The first class stand up to spell. Spell *Dictionary*.' 'Dick dic-t-i-o-u-g-h-n diction r-e-i-g-h ry —dictionary.' 'The next.' 'Marster, Jim Stokes keeps all the time squirting spit at ma.' 'Well, Jim, you must stop after school. Spell Phthisick.' 'P-p-p-p-t-t-h-i-s-i-ck—tizick.' 'Master, 'maint I speak?' 'What for?' 'Koz I want to borry that are strate ruler, what Tony Lumpkin's got.' 'No, keep your seat.' Thus my friend, and his noisy pack of urchins whiled away the time until the usual intermission—all had gone out but one, who had, as I supposed, something of great importance to communicate to my friend, the Master—he ascends the desk with all the gravity of a preacher; 'Marster,' said he, 'Tim Strout keeps all the time writing love letters to the gals.' I could contain myself no longer—I seized my hat and rushed out of the door, right glad to enjoy the stillness of a country village.

TRUE PITH.

The force of language is apt to be much injured by the multitude of words. The following is not only entirely free from that fault, but on the other hand may be considered as a great specimen of the laconic and pithy style.

A respectable farmer, not forty miles from this place, has the singular happy talent of not saying a word too much. A young man wishing to obtain his consent to marry his daughter, called upon him one day when he happened to be in the field ploughing with his oxen. It was, past all doubt, a fearful matter for a diffident man to broach, and the hesitating lover, after running round the field, and essaying with all his courage to utter the important question, at last stammered out—"I—I—I've been thinking Mr.——that—as how—I—I—I should be gl—gl—glad to— to—m—m—mar—mar—marry your daughter."——

Farmer,—"*Take her and use her well. Whoa haw Buck!*"

[*Berkshire American.*

The naughty place.—A Scotch pastor recognized one of his female parishioners sitting by the side of the road a little fuddled. "Will ye just help me up with my bundle, gude man?" said she, as he stopped. "Fie, fie, Janet," cried the pastor, "to see the like o'you in sic o'plight, do you know where all drunkards go?" "Ay, sure," said Janet, "they go to whor a drop o'gude drink is to be got."

Affection of a wife.—A common soldier's widow, now living in Westminster, keeps the ashes of her husband under her bed, from affection to his memory. He died abroad, and was burned, and she being present, gathered up his ashes, and carried them home with her. Artemisia's swallowing the ashes of her deceased lord was hardly more romantic than this.

THE EMERALD.

Baltimore...Saturday, September 20, 1828.

Infidelity and Intolerance.—A writer, in a late number of the Philantrophist, over the signature of *Clio*, has opened his ordnance upon *John Neal* in a very illiberal manner. Neal is accused in direct terms of advocating deistical principles, and of endeavouring to disseminate them among the people, and his review of Doctor Payson's sermons are adduced to prove his assertions. Now, so far from manifesting any irreligious feelings, the review in question is filled with sentiments of respect and piety; we do not find any deism there, though the intolerance of Clio would make it appear that there is. We are fallen on strange times indeed if men are not at liberty to think, and to *write* as they think. The christian religion stands on a foundation which cannot be shaken, and every enquiry respecting its truth must of course tend to its confirmation:—*if this be not admitted, it is not worth having.* Mr. Neal advocates freedom of enquiry, but never to our knowledge has he breathed against christianity. Clio says, "Where other protestant denominations truckled to power, and Catholicism bowed down her neck, for the foot of the pope and legitimate despotism to tread on, our fathers fought the great battle of civil and religious freedom alone." This is the hacknied language of those people who never think at all. Clio talks of religious freedom as words of course; not reflecting that they mean *freedom of thinking*, and cries out for fear that the religion of Christ will be subverted; shewing thereby the confidence he has in its doctrines. We are not defending Neal for entertaining irreligious principles, because we do not believe him to be irreligious; but we would lift up our voice against those persons whose narrow minded bigotry is more calculated to corrupt society than even the clarion of infidelity. Once put a stop to freedom of enquiry, and the human mind will become too debased for any pure religion. So far from discouraging opposition it should be sought after as a criterion of truth; and we are bold to say that the *Age of Reason* has done more to confirm *thinking men* in their belief of the divine revelation, than it ever made permanent deists; because being based on error the mind discovers the truth in the very shadow of its superstructure.

Dramatic.—We have had so much tragedy for the last fortnight, on the Baltimore boards, affording so large a field for criticism, that it would be impossible, at this late hour, to review even the more prominent characters, as they deserve. We shall, therefore, notice but a few plays, as we were impressed at their performance.

(September 5.) *Venice Preserved.*—Mrs. Sloman's powers were displayed in the part of *Belvidera*, to great advantage. Throughout the play, she gave repeated evidence of possessing the highest ability for tragedy—showing all the dignity and tenderness of Priuli's daughter. The last scene was not in her best style. Mr. Southwell's *Jaffier* was a good performance. Mr. Rowbotham did tolerably well at first as *Pierre*, but he rattled his chains so terribly, in the best dialogue of the play, that it was difficult to hear a word he uttered.

(Sept. 6.) Miss Emery gained much credit in her *Belvidera*—she has good tragic powers; of an order too, different from any other actress we know. Were she to pitch her voice a little lower, and, as it were, attenuate her characters, she would improve much.

(Sept. 8.) *Jane Shore* and *Alicia*, by Mrs. Sloman and Miss Emery, made a charming contrast—the characters are entirely opposite in their nature, and are admirably suited to the talents of both ladies. The play went off with much applause.

(Sept. 10.) Sheridan's unequalled comedy of the *School for Scandal*, was, on the whole, very well cast. *Sir Peter Teazle* is a most difficult character, and we have never yet seen it played well—Mr. Warren's was the best the company could afford. Messrs. Southwell, Jefferson, and Rowbotham, sustained their characters with great ability, as did Mr. Hathwell. *Lady Teazle* is not a character exactly in Mrs. Slowman's line. *Mrs. Candour* and *Maria*, were well played by Mesdames Rowbotham and Willis.

(Sept. 13.) *Tom and Jerry*—Badly done. *Simpson and Co.* was played with spirit. *Mrs. Simpson*, by Miss Rivers, was excellent. Mr. Wemyss' *Bromley*, very clever. Mr. Jefferson's *Simpson*, rather lazily done.

(Sept. 16.) *The Apostate.*—Miss Rivers played better in the character of *Florinda*, than she has yet done in Baltimore, although she had no support, and her voice failed at last—*She evidently was suffering under a severe cold.* Take the whole play together, there could not have been a worse cast, or a worse performance.

(Sept. 17.) The performance of *The Gamester* was very excellent—*Beverly* was ably sustained by Mr. Southwell, and Mrs. Sloman surpassed herself in *Mrs. Beverly*. Had this lady greater compass of voice, she could beat Mrs. Duff from the stage, in any trial of excellence; and this is saying, for Mrs. Sloman, what we never expected to say for any actress.

Mr. Sloman's comic powers have given the Baltimoreans the theatrical *dengue*, which affects them principally in the ribs. Mad'lle Celeste and Mad'lle Constance have gained new admiration, by their astonishing performances.

Praiseworthy.—We are informed by a respectable citizen, who is acquainted with the fact, that Mr. J. J. Thompson, (of the Post office) is very thankful for the liberal aid he has already received in his attempts to recommence the interesting concern of the Free-school.

The reader will recollect, that the pulling down of the old Baptist Church, deprived those children of the building—and that a highly respectable gentleman has given a good lot to the Trustees. In addition to the cash already contributed, a few hundred dollars will be sufficient to erect the new School-house—and it is confidently expected that this appeal will be successful. We know that Mr. Thompson's engagements leave but little time to make personal application—and we are authorized to say, that one to ten dollars will be gratefully acknowledged, if handed to W. R. Jones, Treasurer, 18 Baltimore-street, John Hewes, or Daniel Raymond.

☞Editors of the city are respectfully requested to copy the above.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THINGS WHICH I'VE SEEN.

I've seen an editor assume more airs,
Than if the world were rigged into a ship,
And none but he sustained the weight and cares
Of steering her, upon her destined trip:
Imlac of politicians—scarce he dares
To rest a moment—yet I'll bet a fip
If he were dead, and every thing about him
Destroyed, the world would do as well without him.

I've seen king-making Warwicks rule the roast,
And sway the crowd and mob, just as they please—
In this, our land of liberty, the boast—
Where every fellow surely thinks that he's
As capable of judging as the most
Of politicians, whom he hears or sees—
And yet some schemers lead him by the nose,
And make him follow him wher'e'er he goes.

I've seen a missionary sail abroad
Some thousand miles, to seek the Lord knows whom,
To teach, the Lord knows how, a certain road,
By which we may avoid a certain doom—
They find this kind of task, an easier load
To bear, than common labour, I presume.
I think they'd better stay at home, and try
To pluck the beam from out of their own eye.

I've seen books published, which were never read;
I've seen ships built, which never went to sea;
I've seen the meanest fellows thrust ahead,
Whilst merit sank into obscurity;
I've seen that pass for gold, which was but lead;
And fools in places where the wise should be;
I've seen boys learning Hebrew, Greek and Latin,
And then shoemaking, tailoring, and hatting.

I've seen fair ladies dressed in Brussel's lace,
Instead of linsey and domestic wares;
I've seen them visiting a watering place,
Instead of minding their household affairs;
I've seen them praying fervently for grace
Instead of labouring for their earthly cares;
I've seen some girls, who thought themselves bewitching,
Who should, by rights, be scouring in a kitchen.

I've seen mechanics turned to legislators;
I've seen field-marshals turned to dancing-masters;
I've seen an ex-king cultivate potatoes;
I've seen an empress suffering sad disasters;
I've seen post-captains legal commentators—
For which, they're just as fit as to be pastors.
But hold—'tis time that we should draw the screen;
Ere long, I'll tell you what I have not seen

SPECTATOR.

The following pathetic verses were actually addressed by a fond and affectionate husband, (known to the editor) to a beloved wife, on his departure to a foreign country—and written under an impression that he should see her no more. They are inserted, on account of their real beauty and simplicity.

FOR THE EMERALD.

My dearest wife, my love—adieu,
My course is o'er the sea;
I sail upon the mountain waves,
Far, far away from thee.
Those happy days, already spent,
No more to glad my view,
Demand my last, my parting tear;
My dearest wife—adieu!

My dearest wife, my love—adieu,
My course is o'er the sea,
And yet a heart more fond, more true,
Sure never beat for thee;
O! I have joyed to see thy form,
Have wept thy faults to view,
Affection claims my parting tear:
My dearest wife—adieu.

My dearest wife, my love—adieu,
My course is o'er the sea,
Tho' distant climes I sail to view,
Still memory turns to thee—
There, crowned with health, with peace and love,
Our pleasures past review—
Sure these my fond affections prove;
My dearest wife—adieu.

My dearest wife, my love—adieu,
My course is o'er the sea,
O! that kind heaven would change my fate,
And lead me back to thee;
But no—a warning voice declares
My years—my days—are few;
I go—receive my ardent prayers—
My dearest wife—adieu.

ALOYZ.

FOR THE EMERALD.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone, a *Man of Feeling* lies,
Whose heart was warm, and open as the day
Who never called a tear to sorrow's eyes,
Or turned the houseless traveller away.
What, though the blaze of intellectual fire,
Refused to curse the tenant of this sod?
His breast was free from every wild desire,
And sent a soul of purity to God.

R. I

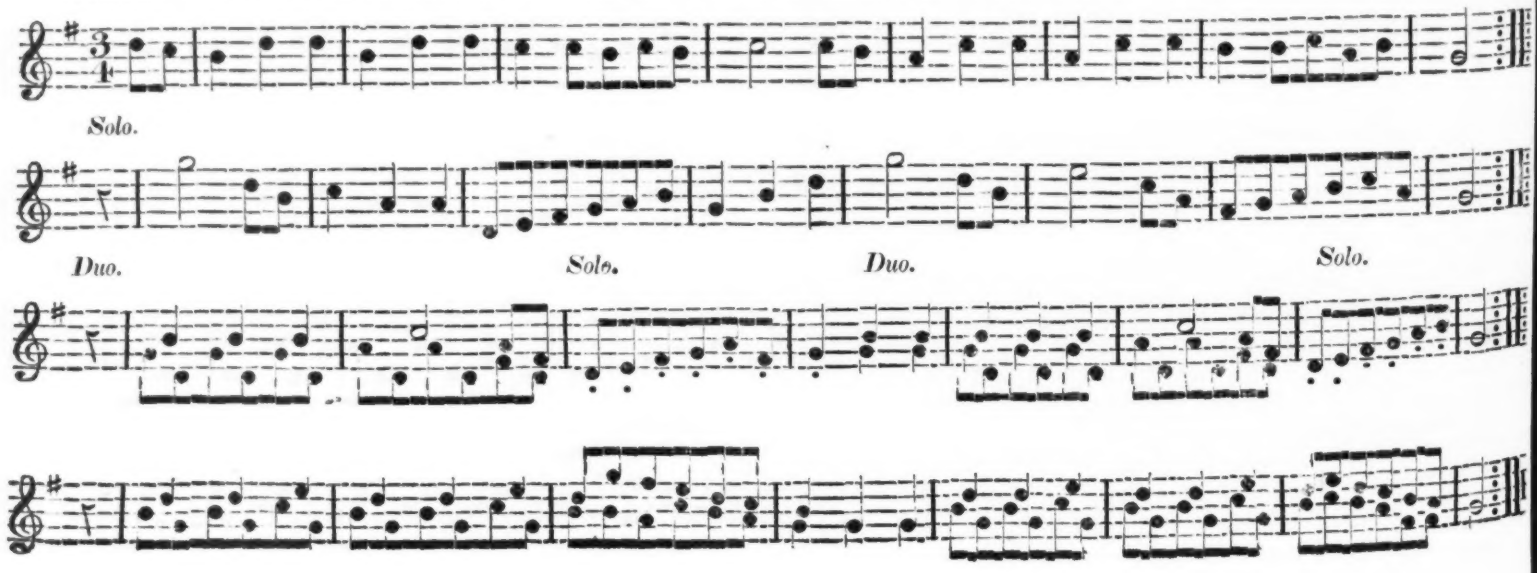
DEATH.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardor, and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged path to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence, nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
Each friend, by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aerial height.

YOUNG.

The Emerald and Baltimore Literary Gazette, is printed and published every Saturday, by BENJAMIN EDES, at the north-east corner of Calvert and Market streets, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance....Edited by RUFUS DAWES.

All communications for the EMERALD, out of the city, must be directed to the Editor, post paid, or they will not be taken from the office.

☞ BOOK AND JOB PRINTING, of every description, done in the best manner at the Emerald office.

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